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### IN VACATION.

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**Trial by Jury.**—"Gentlemen of the jury, are you agreed upon your verdict?" asked the judge presiding over a Texas court.

"We are," responded the foreman.

"Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

"We do."

"You do? Do what?" exclaimed the startled judge.

"We find the prisoner guilty or not guilty," answered the foreman.

"But, gentlemen, you cannot return a verdict like that."

"Wal, I don't know," the foreman responded. "You see, six of us find him guilty and six of us find him not guilty, and we've agreed to let it go at that"—New York Times.

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**Would Not Tempt Providence.**—Many years ago a trial was in progress in San Francisco, and counsel for defendant was cross-examining a witness for plaintiff. An earthquake shook the chandeliers and dislodged a portion of the ceiling. Jurors, witnesses, and spectators started for the door, but the judge checked the exodus of the lawyers by retaining his seat and his composure, and exclaiming, "Gentlemen, gentlemen, fiat justitia ruat ceiling." The seismic disturbance being over the crowd returned.

"You can proceed with the cross-examination of the witness," said the judge to the counsel for the defendant. "Pardon me, your Honor," was the reply, "but after the late exhibition of the displeasure of the Almighty at the lies this witness was telling, I do not care to further invoke Divine wrath. I will ask him no more questions."—Ex.

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**Good Credit.**—Mr. Butterworth, the grocer, was looking over the credit sales slips one day. Suddenly he called to the new clerk:

"Did you give George Callahan credit?"

"Sure," said the clerk. "I—"

"Didn't I tell you to get a report on any and every man asking for credit?"

"Why, I did," retorted the clerk, who was an earnest young fellow. "I did get a report. The agency said he owed money to every grocery in town, and, of course, if his credit was that good I knew that you would like to have him open an account here!"—Ex.

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**An Expert.**—"Do you know anything of the art of husbandry?"

"I ought to; I've married off five daughters."—Ex.

**Meaning of "Nearest Living Relative."**—A Southerner in one of the cantonments below the Mason and Dixon line, when called up for examination, was asked:

"What is your nearest living relative?"

"What you mean, 'relative, mister?" returned the recruit.

"Oh, I mean your nearest living kinsfolk."

"Wal, that's my aunt you're talking 'bout."

Several other questions were answered satisfactorily when there came:

"In case of death or accident, who shall be notified?"

"My mother," immediately from the selectman.

"But you told me just a few minutes ago that your aunt was the nearest living relative that you have," objected the officer.

"You asked me who my nearest living kin was, didn't you? Wal, that's Aunt Liz—she lives jest two miles from where I been livin'; mother lives five."—Ex.

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**A Cool Proposition.**—A Chicago attorney, representing a client whose title to a cold storage plant was in question, closed his argument before the court with the following bit of pathos:

"Your Honor, there is more resting on your decision than this cold storage plant; a human life is at stake. My client's life's efforts are in this cold storage; his life blood is in this cold storage; his body and soul are wrapped up in this cold storage."—Ex.

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**Breaking the Sabbath.**—Bishop Paul Jones, of Utah, was asked by a committee the other day to support a rather extreme Sunday ordinance. "Gentlemen," the bishop said, "the wife of one of my ministers saw her little boy last Sunday morning chasing the hens all over the farmyard with a club. 'I'll learn you,' he was shouting, 'I'll learn you to lay eggs on the Sabbath!'"—Ex.

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**Charging the Jury.**—A juror out West was asked whether he had been charged by the presiding judge. "Well, squire," said he, "the little fellow that sits up in the pulpit and kinder bosses it over the crowd, gin us a talk, but I don't know whether he charges anything or not."—St. Louis Star.

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**Very Consoling.**—A Young Lawyer (having passed his examination): "Well, I'm glad it's over. I have been working to death the last few years trying to get my legal education."

Old Lawyer: "Well, cheer up, my boy; it'll be a long time before you have any more work to do."—Criminal Law Review, India.